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Repository citation: Hope College, "The Anchor, Volume 37.71: December 12, 1928" (1928). *The Anchor: 1928*. Paper 33.

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Published in: *The Anchor*, Volume 37, Issue 71, December 12, 1928. Copyright © 1928 Hope College, Holland, Michigan.

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Dec. 20 Last Day
For Your
Milestone Glossies

The Anchor

Anchor Election
Soon
Think!

Volume XXXVII

Hope College, Holland, Michigan, Dec. 12 1928

Number 71

Degree Is Conferred On Our Guests

NETHERLANDS AMBASSADOR AND OTHERS ENTERTAINED AT BANQUET

On Tuesday evening, December 4, Hope College was greatly honored by having His Excellency, Dr. Jan Herman van Roijen, ambassador of the Netherlands to the United States, representing Queen Wilhelmina of Netherlands at Washington, D. C., as a guest. His Excellency was honored by an honorary degree of Doctor of Laws as were also William Leverich Brower and Charles A. Runk, elders of the consistory of the Collegiate Reformed Protestant Dutch Church of New York City. Dr. Van Roijen delivered an address on the League of Nations in which he praised the work of the League, and hoped that the United States would join it soon. Rev. Dr. Malcolm J. McCleod, President of the General Synod of the Reformed Church in America and Pastor of the St. Nicholas Collegiate Church of New York City, spoke on the Christian College, which stands for culture. Dr. Edward D. Dimment presided at the meeting, and conferred the degrees before a gathering of over 1000 guests.

Before the evening meeting, a banquet was held at the Warm Friend Tavern at which the faculties of Hope College and Western Theological Seminary, invited guests, and Council Members attended. Charles M. McLean of Holland, vice-president of the board of Trustees of Hope College officiated as toastmaster. The speakers included Dr. John Vander Vries, a Hope graduate and now district manager of the United States Chamber of Commerce at Chicago, Mr. John Vennema and Attorney Gelmer Kuiper of Chicago, formerly of Grand Rapids, all graduates of Hope College. The Dining Hall was very beautifully decorated with the American and Dutch flags. About 150 guests were in attendance.

Other distinguished guests who came from the east with Dr. Van Roijen and Dr. McCleod were Rev. Albertus T. Broek, of Tarrytown, N. Y., President of the Board of Education of the Reformed Church in America, Dr. Willard Dayton Brown, secretary of the Board of Education, and Rev. Cornelius B. Muste of New York City, educational Secy. of Hope College in the East.

Hope was greatly honored by the presence of these distinguished guests and honorable graduates on her campus. Gov. Fred W. Green, Senator Arthur Vandenberg, and Mayor E. C. Brooks of Holland, sent their congratulations to Dr. van Roijen which Dr. Dimment read at the convocation Tuesday night.

A TRUE KNIGHT

"— And a knight came riding." Only, as Mr. Brower said it wasn't on a horse. The glee club girls had quite a thrill when they discovered that the kindly old man sitting between Mr. McLean and Rev. Hager at Convocation was a full fledged Knight of Orange Nassau, so made by no less than Queen Wilhelmina herself. A number of the girls sought to learn something of the cross which Dr. William Leveredge Brower wore during the ceremonies, and uncovered a fairy tale come true. Sir Knight remembered the visit of Hope's Glee Club to New York City a few years ago and said he'd like to borrow this year's club. Although eighty-two years old he is a youth in spirit. His smile is enough to belong to any maiden's gallant hero.

Enthusiastic Crowd Greet Farbman

YOUNG VIOLINIST CARRIES CROWD TO ENCHANT- MENT

Carnegie Hall was well filled when the music lovers of Holland welcomed the return of Harry Farbman on December sixth. Margaret Engler accompanied the violinist ably at the piano. The artist's program consisted of three groups — the first, Ciaconna, by Vitali and Bach's Prelude E Major, for violin alone; second from Concerto E Minor by Mendelssohn, Allegro, molto appassionato and Andante and allegretto non troppo, Allegro molto vivace; third, Nocturne by Chopin, Guitarre by Moskowski-Sarasate, Achron's Hebrew Melody, and Spanish Dance by Sarasate.

The fourth number on the Lyceum course will be on Thursday, December 13, and will be presented by the Hungarian National Orchestra.

"Eclectic Lights"

ALWAYS

The directors of the College Glee Clubs were unfair in deciding there should be no State Glee Club contest this year because "Hope Always Wins." Who ever heard of such a ridiculous argument? Following this we could easily say: "Here we won't play Football any more." However, there is one other scheme which will meet the approval of all thoughtful men. Why not have a Fall Football Festival where each team can practice on the field, being restricted only by a time limit. After the practice all the teams will go through one play in union. The separate teams will then be given a written criticism prepared by a single competent critic and which will not designate any superiority or inferiority because according to the other directors, "Hope Always . . ."

CHAPEL NOTES

From all appearances we are going to have a girls' Dormitory in the tower of the Chapel, else why are they screening it in?

WE HOLLANDERS

were disappointed in one phase of the convocation. There were many students of note present just itching for an excuse to "get their Dutch up."

THE NEW YORKER

There are ladies left in this world of bustling business women. One such was entering a subway train the other day when a guard shouted in her ear, "Step lively!" She gave him a proud look. "I have no wish to tarry, sir," she said, and entered with dignity.

MAURICE MARCUS

wishes to announce through the columns of the Anchor that he will have his next ready for the triumvirate next week he has appointed Miss Heyboer as his Secretary.

NEW ANCHOR STAFF TO BE

ELECTED AFTER HOLIDAYS

NEW SYSTEM OF ELECTION IS PLANNED

The following are the nominations for the next Anchor Staff as it now stands:

Editor-in-chief:

Earle Langeland
Russell Smith
Gordon Van Ark
Henry Steffens

Associate Editor:

Alice Brunson
Paul Brower
Leonard Willett
Myra Ten Cate
Donald Wade

Sport Editor:

Bernard Arendshorst
Dorothy Haan
E. Vander Belt

Alumni:

Bernardine Sieber
Margaret Westveer

Humor:

Myron Leenhouts
W. Kuiper
L. Hogenboom

T. Beaver

Wilhelmina Walvoord

Campus:

Suzanna Schoep
Evelyn Steketee

Exchanges:

Donald Martin
Louis Scudder

Business Manager:

Lois De Wolfe
Raymond McGilvra

Assistant:

L. Damstra
W. Meengs

Subscription Manager:

H. K. Smith
R. Notier
C. Van Leuwen

Further nominations can be made by submitting a name whose nomination is supported by twenty subscribers.

The election will occur immediately after the holidays. It has been proposed that the Student Council appoint the Staff, because of former lack of support on election night, but this has not been decided upon. Consider well!

Dr. Nettinga Gives Lecture

To the Home Volunteer Group last Friday evening Dr. Nettinga gave the first of two lectures on the Reformed Church in America. His subject was "The Origin and Growth of the Reformed Church in America." The history of our church, while not spectacular, is very interesting. The present Reformed church is the union of two movements of immigration. The first group of immigrants came in the first half of the 17th century and the second group in the middle of the 19th century. The first group settled in New York and in New Jersey and the second in western Michigan, Illinois, and Iowa. The churches of these two groups were united by Dr. Van Raalte and the leaders in the East. Those who settled in the East came mainly for economic reasons, while those who came to the West came seeking religious freedom. He also gave several reasons for the slow growth of our church. His lecture was one which brought much enjoyment and knowledge to those who were present. This week he will lecture on the character and accomplishment of the Reformed church.

'Y'

That "Y" is a very active organization on Hope's Campus is very much evidenced by the inviting announcements that are given in regard to the meetings as scheduled for each week.

Newcomers in a college often are under the impression that Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. are groups of "goody-goodies" who gather to discuss some uninteresting topics of the day. However, after listening to the announcements as given in chapel one readily concludes that Hope's "Y's" are not only very active and alert, but also very up-to-date in handling modern youth's problems.

EASTERN STUDENT COMPARES

HIS COUNTRY WITH MICHIGAN

MR. TOONIN FROM MESOPOTAMIA NOTES NEW FREEDOM

Mr. Kamil Toonin, Hope freshman from Basrah, Iraq (formerly Mesopotamia) has some interesting comparisons to make between Holland, Mich., and his native country. Winter is not as cold as in Michigan there, and most of the people have never seen snow, but the weather is usually a disagreeable damp cold. Once in a few years in a severe cold spell, people will die from the cold, mainly due to lack of protection.

At this season most of the people will have returned to the towns and cities after the harvest season, in September and October, for

dates and grapes. Hundreds of people are seasonably occupied in picking, sorting and packing dates, one of the chief products of the country.

Mr. Toonin remarked about the new freedom of the country in many ways; he considered the better educated classes much more tolerant of the Christians, and new customs, such as the Europeanizing of the Moslem women's dress. He was greatly surprised here, however, at the remarkable freedom of the women in the college. In his country coeducational schools are unheard of, and women never travel about in the evening, even in groups, without escorts. Incidentally, Mr. Toonin believes that the Eastern women in European garb compare most favorably with the best of America.

VIOLINS

The Lyceum Course brought many to hear Harry Farbman. There were, of course, hundreds who know little about the violin, but the audience was made up mainly of violinists and musicians, both teachers and students. An interesting incident called the attention of many when a feeble old man, a teacher, and a small pupil of seven years made their appearance on the campus. Both were bent on hearing the instrument they loved well played by an artist. The older perhaps had once held as much attention with his precious well used instrument. The young boy saw beautiful dreams of the time when he should hold great audiences spell bound by his skill, indeed he longed for the day when he would be large enough to discard his miniature and play a regular size violin. Age was puzzled, had lost its way and the child was leading him to Carnegie Hall. Which of the two appreciated the music more in comparison to his capacity is hard to say. But both left that night with a smile on the lips and a tear in the eye. God had given both a love for the beautiful.

"He laughs by the summer stream, Where the Lilies nod and dream; As through the sheen of water cold and clear, He sees the chub and sunfish darting sheer."

I think I shall never forget the first time I read the delightful poem of Maurice Thompson's entitled "The Kingfisher," from which the above lines are taken. Perhaps because it represents associations so vivid and undying to me, perhaps because the poet has voiced a bit of the unutterable felicity of the woody unblighted freedom of the hills and streams where the kingfisher dwells — perhaps, well, as a Spanish would say with an eloquent shrug, "quien sabe?" (who knows?). At any rate I learned the poem and many, many times I have repeated it to myself, always with the keenest exhilaration of the spirits, for always I am carried in memory to the hills and valleys of New York State, where flows the French Creek of historical fame, winding its way through the fertile farmlands toward the distant Allegheny river.

The creek, as I have known it, is not merely a stream of water, rough or smooth as the case may be, but is a live, animated creature, a thing of moods, of passions, and so many of its qualities are so essentially human that it well repays a careful study, not as one would study a biological specimen, let us say, but as one studies unknowingly perhaps, a close and much loved friend.

There are stretches of water in the old creek that represent it in a quietly pensive mood — when it moves along with scarcely a ripple, lapping the blue flags and arrow-leaf at its margin with unconscious intimacy, reflecting the movements of the clouds in its depths like a serene mind taking cognizance of hallowed reflection a little of the intangible essence of life to guide when rougher elements intrude and chafe the spirit. Even so is it with my friendly old creek. Oh, I have lived with it and loved it too long not to know — for again, leaving behind all of its poise it takes a leap downward and flashes against a precipice in a sudden unrest of spirit — the waters become turbid, they whirl about uncertainly, something has upset the evenness of the way, and if perchance a boulder protrude its head, the waves play over it petulantly, as if seeking a definite cause for their unrest, yet not sure just where lies the snag that has caused the commotion. The precipice itself looms cold and unperturbable, a hundred feet of almost perpendicular clay and boulder towering above the flood and looking down with calm indifference upon the turmoil below. Yes, the creek and the cliff have become very real and quite human to me.

But the mood changes again, and the creek slips quietly beneath the outspread branches of some giant sycamore to form a still, dark, pool, where the light is toned to a mellow gray effect, and the sunshine stealing through the broad leaves of the sycamore, dapples the surface of the water and lends an atmosphere of misty enchantment to the place. The water is very dark and cool here and though it is apparently so quiet, yet the dark depths teem with life; there are big yellow bass who wait for their prey and waterboatmen ply their trade on the surface, or a solemn waterskater takes his way along the margin of the pool. However, the world is too full of interesting things to allow of too long or deep brooding, and suddenly, with a boisterous, carefree laugh the stream springs from the cover into the sunlight, and such a rollicking, gushing old stream it now appears! Seldom does one see a more spontaneous gaiety, the whole tenor of its way is simply a buoyant, light heartedness, as though it revelled in its very wildness and freedom with an exultant gladness that knows no bounds, and at such times the blue of the York State skies is reflected back with the warm richness of a thousand sapphires, and the water as it dances over the boulders and pebbles that mark its way throws into the air tiny rain-

(Continued on Page 4)

CHRISTMAS CARDS

Before you buy your Christmas cards, be sure to look over the supply carried by the Y. W. C. A. You will not be sorry.

The "Y" girls are selling beautiful cards at reasonable prices.

YNTEMA, TANIS HEAD FRATERS

F. S. SERENADES GIRLS' DORMITORY AT LATE HOUR

The annual "Fraternal" serenade was made at Voorhees Dormitory last Friday, when the Fraters sang fine romantic selections to the peering heads above. Beneath the chilly stars rang out "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi," "Sonny Boy," and similar dramatic hits of the season. The Tremolo on the violin was no exaggeration, for the temperature was far better for radio broadcasting than for nocturnal vocalizing. The event being celebrated was the election of society officers for the second of the three terms. "Fraternal's" new officials are: Otto Yntema, president; Nellis Tanis, vice-president; Bernard Arendshorst, secretary; and Henry Steffens, treasurer. These will officiate until the end of the next twelve weeks. Titus Van Haitsma, a Hopeite who enrolled from the distant land of Zeeland, now reigns in splendor as "Janitor." He addressed the Dorm girls during the serenade, making a brief but forceful speech.

The "Fraternal Home" now has a candy store where members and visitors can procure all the well known bars.

Emersonian Election

Emersonian Literary Society held its winter election Friday, and after the meeting had officers' treat at the Green Mill Cafe.

New officers are:

President, Clarence Diephouse
Vice-Pres., Herman Harms
Secretary, Earle E. Langeland
Treasurer, Elwin Van den Belt
Sergeant at Arms, Chas. E. Rozema
Keeper of Archives, Harry K. Smith

Addisonian Election

At the Addisonian Society meeting, Friday, officers for the second term were elected. They are:

President, Donald Hicks
Vice-Pres., Sidney Hiersma
Secretary, Henry Bast
Treasurer, Jack Gulick
Custodian, Miles Peters
Keeper of Archives, Edward L. Swarthout

Bulletin Board

Wednesday, Dec. 12
Cosmopolitan "Ladies' Night."

Thursday, Dec. 13
8 P. M., Lyceum Course:
"Royal Hungarian Orchestra."
Hope Versus Kazoo at Kazoo.

Friday, Dec. 14
7:30, Societies meet.

Tuesday, Dec. 18
7:00, Y. W. C. A.—
"How May Others Know I am a Christian"—Martha Van Buren.
Y. M. C. A.—"How Shall We End the Year"—H. Freeman

THE ANCHOR

STAFF

Editor.....Eva Tysse
Associate Editors.....Earle Langeland, Russell Smith
Humor.....Ida Townsend, Henry Steffens
Alumni.....Evelyn Welmers
Campus.....Eleanor Ver Wey
Sports.....John Nauta
Exchanges.....Leonard Willett
Current Events.....Evelyn Steketer

REPORTERS (revised)

Head Reporter, Gordon Van Ark; Reporters, Paul Brower, Alice Brunson, Tillie Masselink, Cynthia Palmer, Margaret Beach, William Clough, H. K. Smith, Don Martin.

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager.....Herman Kruijenga
Assistant.....Lois De Wolfe, Raymond McGilvra
Circulation Manager.....Herman Laug
Assistant.....Harry Smith

AN HONOR CODE

Had Diogenes visited Washington and Lee university in search for an honest man, the Greek philosopher would have ended his journey and found delight in the confidence the students have in their fellow men.

A midnight lunch table, well stocked and bearing a card with a schedule of prices, is maintained in a dormitory. In the morning the table is bare except for a cigar box of coins which the student owner collects. It is all profit, for there is no overhead.

Barrels of apples and boxes of peanuts are likewise sold on the "help yourself" plans by students working their way through college. The owners report good profit with no losses attributed to theft. Football badges worth \$125.00 were sold during one game and the money stood unattended for many hours.

An overcoat hung in a cloakroom for several months. Each day it was taken down, dusted and replaced. The owner would come for it some day.

That honor code was established at the school by Gen. Robt. E. Lee when he became president in 1869. Under it students are left to themselves during examinations and can come and go at will. Cheating on examinations is unknown.

Perhaps this is bringing up an old and discarded issue, but nevertheless there can be no harm in bringing this true and perfect example before the reading eyes of Hope's student body.

It is something well worth a few minutes of reading and pondering. Can Hope be cited as an example of a perfectly working Honor Code, or even though the code is verbal, of an Honor and Code?

THOUGHT

The average American of today protests that the cares of ordinary subsistence take so much time that he has none left for thought. And now we find the student, whose business it is to think, complaining that he, too, is overburdened with routine. In antithesis to these claims of busyness, there comes the statement published recently in a magazine of science that "Today, in the United States, the supply of available energy is equivalent to sixty man-power for every man, woman and child. There is now leisure for all to think, but the millions prefer the movies."

How can we ever expect to maintain our position among the nations as the foremost in the sciences, arts, and in general civilization if we are too lazy to think? No really creative work has resulted from anything except the very hardest kind of conscious thinking. And yet the American public flatters itself that it can maintain the intricate machinery of civilization its hard-thinking ancestors have built up, with only eating, and drinking, and not working.

It has been said that the "greatest thrill in the world comes with an inspiration." The American youth claims he is satiated with the affairs of life, and that there is no thrill left. Perhaps if he tried a little conscious creative thinking, he might find the thrill he is seeking.

The reason we do not think more may be due to our inherent laziness. Thomas Edison has said, "There is no expedient to which a man will not resort to obviate the necessity of hard thinking." Are we really as lazy as all that?

Without the dreamer the world would cease to exist as such. We speak not of the pure visionist but rather of the dreamer with enough cold, logical thought behind his dreams to make them a reality. When he dreams things are created. And dreaming is the most pleasant kind of thought.

The thinking man is happiest when alone, for solitude gives him time to think. Perhaps this explanation will serve to indicate the reason why the American people prefer the crowded places. He is afraid to be alone with himself for fear that he might have to think. Of this, Aristotle has said, "The man of no virtue or ability is his own worst enemy, and is afraid of solitude." Are you afraid of solitude?

A LETTER

"I hardly know whether you would like my writing to you; yet I feel strongly disposed so far to presume on the old relation which existed between us as to express my earnest hope that you will not attach too much importance to your disappointment, whatever it may have been, at the recent examination. I believe that I attach quite as much value as is reasonable to university distinctions; but it would be a grievous evil if the good of a man's reading for three years were all to depend on the result of a single examination, affected as that result must ever in some degree be by causes independent of a man's intellectual excellence. I am saying nothing but what you know quite well already; still a momentary feeling of disappointment may tempt a man to do himself great injustice, and to think that his efforts have been attended by no proportionate fruit. I can only say, for one, that as far as the real honor of Rugby is concerned, it is the effort, a hundred times more than the issue of the effort, that is in my judgment a credit to the school, inasmuch as it shows that the men who go from here to the University do their duty there; and that is the real point which alone to my mind reflects the honor either on individuals or on societies; and if such a fruit is in any way traceable to Rugby, then I am proud and thankful to have had such a man as my pupil." Thomas Arnold (Letter to a Student.)



Husband: "I wonder when you'll learn to make a cake like mother used to make?"

Wife: "Probably about the time you make an income like father used to make."

Motor Cop: "Say, I've chased you over a mile to tell you that you're going over sixty."

Motorist: "Bad news travels fast, doesn't it?"

A little boy, just returning home from his first day at school, was asked how he liked to go to school. He replied: "I like to go and I like to come, but it's the staying I don't like."

"Say, old fellow, it's strange to see you going around in that old light coat this chilly weather, while your wife is wearing a swell new fur coat."

"Well, all I have to do is to think of her fur coat and immediately I start perspiring."

Commercial Traveller (to proprietor he found playing checkers with friend in back of store): "Do you know there are two customers in the store?"

Merchant (who keeps right on playing, replies in whisper): "That's all right. Keep quiet and they'll go away."

It was a wet, miserable night and the car was crowded. Suddenly a coin was heard to drop. An old man stooped and picked it up.

"Has anyone lost a dollar?" he inquired anxiously.

Nine passengers hurriedly searched their pockets and shouted, "I have."

Letter Tells of Changed Attitudes

Changsha, China, October 12, 1928.

Dear Friends:

This has been a week of rather unusual events and I thought you might be interested to know that October tenth of 1928 was far different from that of the two preceding years. While this, the birthday of the Chinese Republic, is observed every year throughout the land, the nature of the festivities differs materially from time to time. Then, too, the celebration is different in different parts of the country. This was the first time I had spent this holiday in Changsha, the capital of our province, and it was the most wonderful holiday ever observed here in this city. For the first time China was united under the Nationalist flag. And every effort was made to lead the people to rejoice in the hope of a great and wonderful national future. We Americans naturally were thinking of our own Fourth of July and various emotions thrilled our breasts. Rather than theorize about the importance of the day, I am just going to tell you about what we saw and heard and then trust you to draw your own conclusions. But these conclusions will mean more if I remind you that for two years this city and this province have been the hot-bed of anti-foreign feeling and that last year the foreigners who were in the city found it wise to remain in hiding, so strong was the feeling against all the so-called "imperialistic nations." And last year communism was still working havoc in many a Chinese home as well as in schools, hospitals, and churches. Not so in 1928.

We were early risers on October tenth and joined with the groups of students here on the campus in the ceremonies attending the raising of the Nationalist flag. Then there was singing of national anthems and three rousing cheers for the new China, ending with what was formerly reserved for the Emperor, the "Wang Shui" "Wang Shui," which means "may the country flourish for ten thousand years!" The principal of the Fuh-siang High School was in Chicago last year and, as he led the cheers with great enthusiasm, we might have imagined ourselves on the campus of that American University or rather on the stadium at some great game.

At nine o'clock there was a big patriotic meeting at the church and representatives of the school sang and delivered addresses. The pastor of the church gave an able resumé of the history of China during the past eighteen years and then at some length spoke of the

friendship that America had shown toward China in the past and, especially, during the year which had just closed. Then he asked the whole audience to rise to show to us who were Americans the gratitude of China for these recent tokens of friendship. After this one of us was asked to make a brief response. Perhaps, this means little to you, but it means much to us who still remember the bitter attitude of the past months.

In the afternoon we were greatly privileged to be invited to a reception at the governor's yamen. There, in the presence of thousands of prominent Chinese, all the foreigners resident in this community were publicly received by the governor and assured that it was his desire that friendly relations be restored and perpetuated between our countries and China.

He greatly deplored the fact that the rise of Communism had led to much destruction of foreign property and that many of us had been obliged to leave China for our safety. But, now that war was over, it was the desire of the Chinese that we should work and live here in peace and quietness. I wish you could have seen all the decorations and the thousands that came to greet the new governor.

At four o'clock in the afternoon we were present at a big union prayer meeting in the city church where all of the Christians of Changsha met in a prayer and praise service. The prayer service lasted an hour and a half but there were no embarrassing pauses. Most of these Chinese Christians have seen recent days of persecution and they are deeply grateful to God for the quiet and peace of these present days. Refreshments followed the meeting.

Late in the evening there were wonderful fire-works and the crowds thronged the streets that were so gay with lanterns and colored flags. Schools have been closed for three days and everything has been done to inspire a deeper patriotism in the hearts of the people. Posters decorate all walls and gates, but no longer those dreadful anti-foreign ones. Public orators lecture on street corners, but no longer do we hear our national sins denounced in public. Perhaps it is too early to congratulate China, but those of us, who have experienced something of the hard days of the past three years, are truly grateful for promise of a new era in international friendships. So we too join in the cry of the new republic: "May China flourish for ten thousand years!"

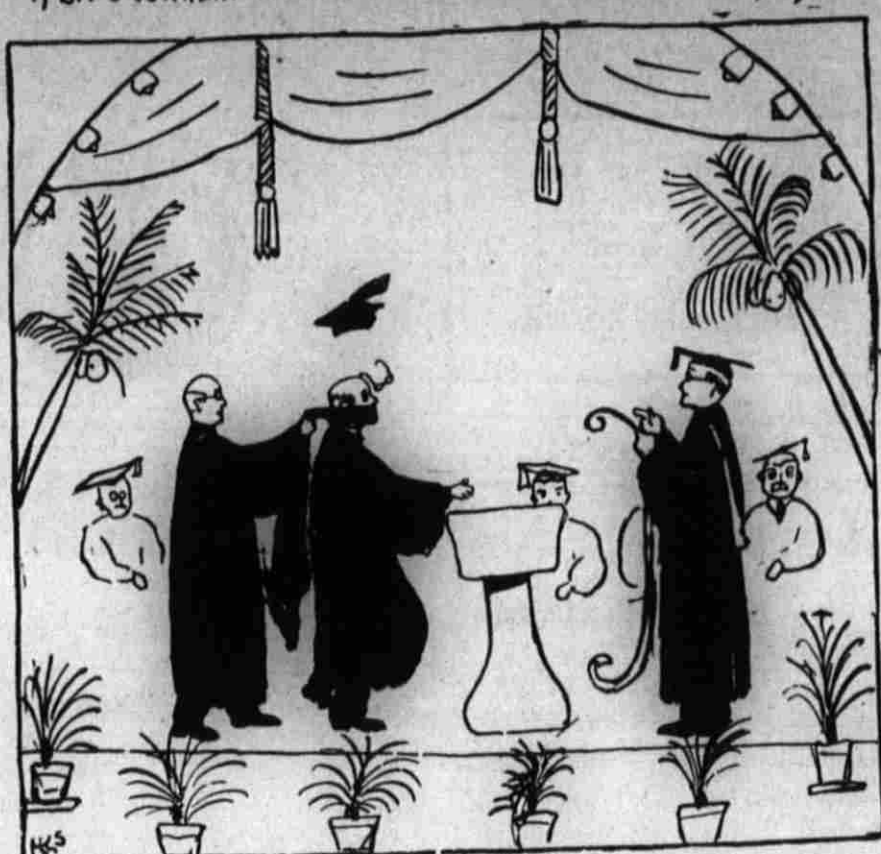
With sincere greetings and good wishes to all of you, especially over at the college,

Yours truly,

Nettie R. De Jong.

(Continued on Page 4)

A BIT OF CURRENT EVENTS - ONE OF THOSE EMBARRASSING MOMENTS



Gems of Literature

(Continued from last issue)

By O. Y.

After Shakespeare comes Bacon — Francis Bacon — who did for England and continental Europe thought what Voltaire did for France — the first genuine scientist — the first real exponent of reason following the dull, scholastic canonical superstition of the Middle Ages. Yet a man like Bacon could write in his "Essay on Adversity," — "Virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed, for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue."

How true it is as Lord Byron so musically expresses it in his "Stanzas for Music,"

"There's not a joy the earth can give like that it takes away,

When the glow of early thought declines in feelings dull decay,

'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek, the blush, alone which fades so fast,

But the tender bloom of a heart is gone ere youth itself be past."

How lacking we are in the appreciation of our comforts, our friends, or our dear ones until they are gone and we can live up to them no more. How would it be possible to enjoy happiness without first experiencing its contrast — Sorrow!

"Comfort! Comfort scorned of devils!

This is the truth the poet sings, The sorrow's crown of sorrows Is remembering happier things."

Such is Tennyson's interpretation of sorrow — joy and happiness.

One of the greatest lyricists of all time, with the exception possibly of Heinrich Heine, is Thomas Moore, the author of "The Prophet of the Khorassan," "Lalla Rookh," and numerous other famous Persian lyrics.

Here is a tale of love, of human devotion — free from superfluous passion and ideal in its divine, aesthetic blindness of the lover,

"It was a scene of mirth that drew a smile from even the Saint Banou,

As through the hush'd admiring throng she went with stately steps along,

And counted o'er that all might see the rubies of her rosary.

But none might see the worldly smile that lurked beneath her veil the while:—

Allah forbid! For who would wait her blessing at the temple's gate—

What holy man would ever run to kiss the ground she knelt upon,

If once by luckless chance he knew she looked and smiled as others do!"

How realistic Moore is in his betrayal of blind, fanatic devoutness. "Truth and Beauty—Beauty and Truth," as Keats says, "that is SEVEN—ANCHOR—W

all you know on earth, and all you need to know!" Keats the rich poetic genius who composed "Endymion," "Ode to a Nightingale," ...

"The same that oftentimes hath charmed magic casements opening on the foam

Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn,"

... and the "Ode to a Grecian Urn,"

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard,

Are sweeter, therefore ye soft pipes, play on!"

Then we have Shelley, the greatest poet of English literature, to me the best of them all. Shelley, who could scale the finest heights of imagination and intermingle the divine ideal with the most intellectual vocabulary. We have his "Ozymandias," a marvelous satire in verse, "England of 1819," his "Ode to the West Wind," and the "Indian Serenade." But the most perfected of all his poems, the most

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Coats
Furs
Lingerie
Hosiery
ROSE
Cloak Store

Basketball
Practice Has
Started at
Hope.

Outfit Yourself at

Ollie's

Where All Sports-
men Meet.

Arnold's
Confectionery
Try our
hot Fudge
Sundaes

Quality Shoe Repairing
That's Our Business

"Dick" the Shoe Doctor
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"A Gift that Only You Can Give"

Portraits will give you the utmost value for the money expended.

Do your Christmas Shopping now at the

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For a Good Lunch after the Show

CLEANLINESS, SERVICE, QUALITY

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CAMPUS



NEWS

First and foremost we congratulate the student body on its success with the faculty concerning the matter of Christmas vacation. Seventeen whole days! — and we trust, they won't be wasted.

For the benefit of those kind people whose sympathy is continually being displayed toward Voorhees we wish to announce that the dorm indulged in two Thanksgiving dinners. Two good meals a year, Mr. Diekema!

While we are at the subject of the vacation that is past we will say also that Miss Essie Eerie of Cincinnati was the guest of Miss Gibson. A luncheon was given in her honor by Miss Gibson, and Miss Boyd entertained at dinner.

Other guests at Voorhees Hall were Kay Mentink, '28, and Violet Koepp.

Oh yes! Voorhees Hall helped to entertain about twenty of the fellows attending the older boy's conference. It is said that some of our younger dormites exhibited unusual interest.

Ruth Kennell has heard that she is going to have a surprise for Christmas. She hopes it is a dog but is afraid that it's a diamond. Everything considered we can't help but hope it's the latter for surely that would be the less harmful for the rest of us.

The men have had their turn, so now it is up to the girls to amuse. Yes, the girls' societies are holding their initiations this week. Didn't you enjoy that little added amusement at the game Monday night?

Several students went to Grand Rapids, Wednesday evening to hear Sousa's Band.

An honored dinner guest at Voorhees one evening last week was Master Junior Lubbers. Come again, Bobby, maybe Grace will have another aeroplane then.

We are glad to see Miss De Pree back again in the library. No, we can't get along without her.

We hope to see soon all the students who've been indulging in the flu, too.

You didn't know some of our faculty were going on the stage, did you? We are assured that if you had seen Mr. Lubbers and Mr. Raymond at the last meeting of the Century Club, you would believe it. What will the constituency say?

Have you noticed the relieved and happy expressions on the faces of some of the Seniors recently, and also quite the opposite in others? It is merely that the first twelve weeks of practice teaching is over and the second begun.

We thought Voorhees wasn't going to have any more serenades. But the Fraters fooled us and came around with a fine one Friday night.

Miyu Tase has received a gift of one hundred beautiful Japanese prints, copies of the old masters. Of course, we envy her.

Onions, onions, who wants an onion? No, not one, but to the consumer of twenty goes the first prize with twelve ranking second. This was the record set in Voorhees dining hall.



Phones
2652
—5345

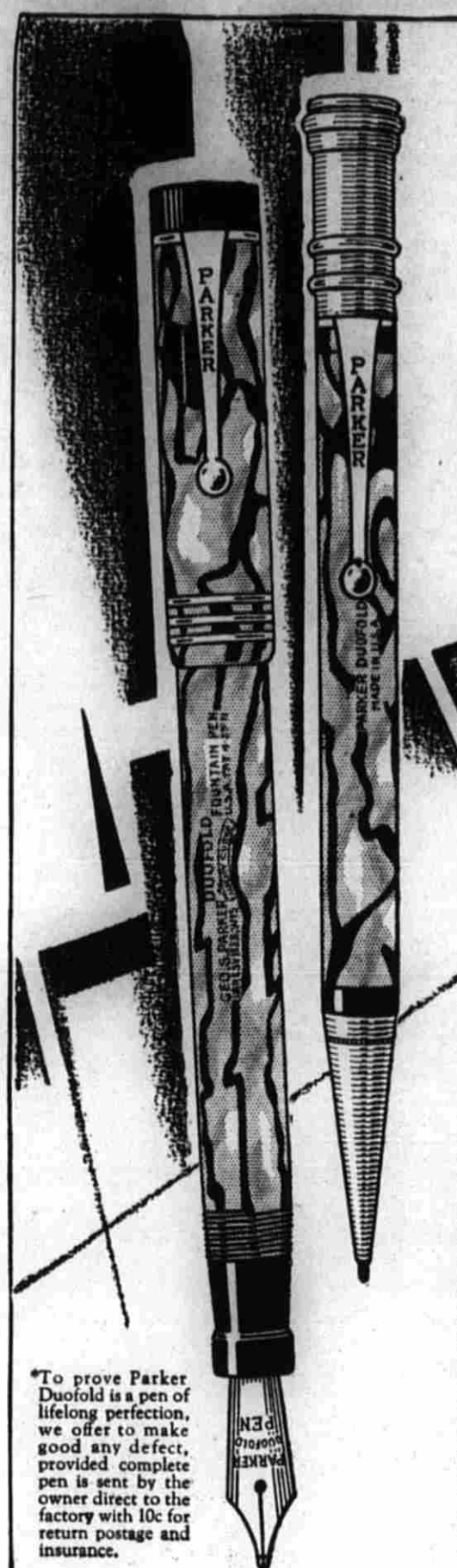
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Crystals of silvery pearl and Parker Permanite Material (Non-Breakable) must be delicately arranged to produce the moderne effect of this unique design.

Costly to produce—though not high-priced to you—and very beautiful.

Not duplicated anywhere else. A masterly achievement in a pen. Senior size, \$10; Junior Size, \$8.50; Juniorette or Lady, \$7.50. Pencils to match, \$3.50, \$4 and \$5.

Dealers are showing the new pens and pencils separately and in perfectly matched pairs, for the first time this year.

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Pianos and Victrolas Rented
New Records Every Friday

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Hope Wins First Game of the Season

MEN SHOW TEAMWORK AND SKILL

In the first game of the 1928-29 court season the Hope basketball team defeated the Seventh Reformed Church of Grand Rapids by a score of 28-14. The game, although not particularly closely contested, was interesting enough to watch. The Hope College squad had an immense advantage in that they had available over twenty men, any of whom could be substituted at any time.

The first team that appeared for Hope was made up of Martin, Van Lente, Klay, De Pree, and De Velder. This proved to be the fastest combination of the evening and considerable of the scoring was done by this aggregation. However, in a short time a second team consisting of Tigelaar, De Young, Vanderbush, Becker and Cook, appeared and made a splendid effort to continue the fast work of the former team; and they succeeded in a very creditable manner. From this time on the various combinations of men were tried.

The first half was characterized by swift, smooth, steady playing by the Hope squad, while the Grand Rapids group seemed to be at a loss to cope with the speed of the Hope men. However, at the beginning of the second half the Grand Rapids group seemed to rally, and did some very clever, and rapid scoring for several minutes. But in a short time the Hope team subdued our visitors, and the game ended as indicated by the score.

The Hope scoring was as follows:

	Floor	Shots	Fouls
Martin	6	0	
Van Lente	3	2	
De Velder	0	1	
Cook	1	0	
Becker	1	0	
De Pree	1	0	
Vanderbush	0	1	

GEMS OF LITERATURE

(Continued from page 2)

ecstatic, the most beautifully constructed of them all is the "Sensitive Plant," a delicate, fragile description of human emotions.

"And when evening descends from the Heavens above,
And the earth was all rest, and the air was all love,
And delight though less bright was far more deep,
And the day's veil fell from the world of sleep."

Then the pied-wind flowers, and the tulip tall
And narcissi, the fairest of them all,
Who gaze with their eyes on the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own sweet loveliness."

... a superb and almost divine inspiration of twilight in a garden of Nature's own.

What a wealth of beauty and power would Shelley have experienced had he lived at Nishapur with its hanging flower gardens and the splendor of the Oriental East!

(To be continued)



LADIES

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Nick Unema

Electric Shoe Repair Shop
230 River Opp. Post Office

"O. K."

That's what they all say.
WHITE CROSS BARBER SHOP

PICK-UPS

By Percy Kuted

Our city correspondent has notified us that the sport-writer of one of the city dailies has published an all-city team. We wonder in silent awe at his audacity; however, we understand that he is a College Freshman — that may account for his lack of convention.

The cheering problem for the year has been solved. One moment of listening to the yelling of Hicks and Co. at the last game was enough to convince anyone of the superiority of that group. Boys, the apple dumpling is yours.

It is a pleasure — a very great pleasure — to note that two members of our faculty are not Scotch. For further information see the Junior who put up chairs or Mr. Laughlin.

Our representative in Copenhagen informs us that Nurmi has turned pro. This takes one of the best distance men out of the amateur field and we sure hate to see him go. Professionalism seems to take the kick out of athletics because we look down upon the fellow who turns his athletic ability into money; and we admire the fellow who turns his musical ability or any other ability into ready cash. Is our attitude really fair?

"Heinie" Steffens was selected as center on the second M. I. A. A. eleven. Martin, Japinga, Klay, and Cook were given honorable mention. There were some good results of the past football season, it seems.

The basketball team will be leaving for their pre-Xmas trip in a few days. We certainly wish the boys lots of luck and hope that they won't be lost in the primitive wilds of Iowa.



Nature Talks

(Continued from Page 1)

bows of an iridescence only matched by the superb coloring on the neck and back of the starlings that search for food on the banks. We wonder what we will find around the next bend — see, — there where the pine tree towers — and we wonder as we turn away what it is that the stream whispers to the pine as it washes against its roots, something delightful I know — and next time we come for a hike, perhaps we shall have time to stop and listen and so learn the secret.

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"Where Food is most like Mothers"

GRUEN WATCHES

Ladies and Men's

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